

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

A Gossipy Letter
Of Smart Set's
Women and Men

Dear Susan:

With Ash Wednesday came a breathing spell just about long enough for us to attend a vespers service, and then the round of work, war work principally, with its intervals for play, began again. Several of the most interesting dinner parties of the winter have been crowded into these days since Lent began.

Mrs. E. H. G. Slater's dinner on Thursday evening for Senator and Mrs. Peter Goulet Gerry was a decidedly brilliant party. So, too, were Mrs. John R. Henderson's dinner on Friday evening, arranged in special compliment to Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the famous Norwegian explorer, although the Ambassador of Chile and Mme. Aldunate were the ranking guests; Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Polk's dinner the same night and the dinner which the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Blano had on Saturday night.

Ash Wednesday itself was not entirely free from entertaining, a tea, a theater party and several dinners coming to mind. However, one hostess explained that she had made up her dinner party before she realized that day it was and that she didn't quite like to postpone it, particularly as there were among the guests one or two personages whose every moment is engaged far ahead of time. Perhaps other Ash Wednesday parties materialized in much the same fashion.

Two Important
Social Events.

Despite the interesting incidents of the last few days one needs must go back to the beginning of the week for the two most important social events thereof, Mrs. Richard Townsend's Mardi Gras dinner dance in celebration of Mrs. Gerry's birthday and the concert on Monday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Gaff's in behalf of the British war mission. It isn't often that Washington has opportunity to greet two stars of such magnitude as Pablo Casals and Mary Garden at one and the same time, and in such picturesque and delightful surroundings. For consequence society—the cosmopolitan and brilliant segment thereof that is spelled with a capital S—turned out in force. Diplomats galore were there, and "foreign missionaries," the ambassadors of France, Italy and Spain, with their wives; the ambassador of Brazil without his wife, who was ill. Also the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, the Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Houston, Miss Bones and Miss Benham from the White House; Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Edward Rowland, Lady Lester-Raye, Mrs. Frederick A. Atterton, each with the guests they had entertained at dinner, and notables too numerous to mention.

Heard Garden Sing

Twenty Years Ago. Just before the concert, Mr. Casals confided to a friend his great curiosity to hear Miss Garden. Nearly twenty years before he had heard her sing at the home of her teacher in Paris, and from that time until they met in joint recital in New York, he had neither laid eyes on her nor heard her voice. Odd, wasn't it? They gave one number together, Leroux's "Le Nègre," without, of course, ever having rehearsed it. What's more, Casals had never played the thing at all, and was not very intimately acquainted with the score.

Nevertheless, it was thrilling. I mustn't get started on Casals' music, however, or I'll never know when to stop. It's the music of one's dreams. As for Miss Garden, she's a great artist, of course, but I'm of the opinion that she's too much dependent on her genius as an actress to be at her best in concert.

Mention of "Le Nègre" reminded Mr. Casals of a curious thing which had happened to him lately. Only the other day he received the manuscript score of one of his own compositions, "La Fiancée du Nègre," written years ago in Paris, gone from his hands long since, and long since forgotten. It was sent from Baltimore by a more or less unknown musician; and the great cellist is racking his brain to discover how it came into his possession.

Casals is an extraordinary genius, and then the round of work, war work principally, with its intervals for play, began again.



MRS. WILLIAM P. CRONIN, Wife of Commander Cronin, U. S. N., whose return to Washington after an absence of several years is most welcome. Mrs. Cronin is a granddaughter of President Grant.

a musician whom artists acknowledge to be their master; and, great as his reputation is, people in this country are only beginning to realize the position he has in Europe. He's a Spaniard, you know, a protégé of Maria Christina, the Queen Mother, at whose hands he received his musical education. Indeed, he lived at the royal palace in Madrid all the time he was studying music. His wife is an American, Susan Metcalf, the singer.

It was Queen Christina, by the way, who presented Casals with the splendid sapphire which is imbedded in his bow. She had the stone, taken from one of her bracelets, so set in order that the musician might have a souvenir always at hand by which to remember her. This bow, his cello, a tremendously valuable instrument, and one wonderful picture, for which he has been offered \$400,000, are the only things out of his fine collection of paintings and other gems of art which he has in this country. The rest are at his house in Paris. No, I mustn't forget one other treasure he has over here, a rare old cello presented to him by Mrs. Jack Gardner, it's Boston. It's a "museum piece," one of the many rare and lovely things collected from all over the world which make her home a veritable treasure house.

Mention of the famous Mrs. Gardner always brings to my mind her nephew the late Major Augustus P. Gardner, and the occasion on which he congratulated—or condescended with—Nicholas Longworth on being Colonel Roosevelt's son-in-law. "I know just how it is," he said, "for I've been Mrs. Jack Gardner's nephew all my life."

Illness Kept
Thompson Away.

But, dear me, how I have managed to range far afield. Louis Thompson, who was to have "supported" the two stars at the recital, came down with a sharp attack of laryngitis, and Charles Trowbridge Tittman took his place, with Mr. Atwater at the piano. His work was received with real enthusiasm, but it was rather a pity about Mr. Thompson. It isn't often that a young singer has the chance to appear in such company. His illness also prevented his singing at Mrs. Champ Clark's on Wednesday afternoon, when a new composition of Mrs. Clark's was to have been produced. This, however, is only postponed.

On Monday night the explanation of the change of program was made by Gist Blair—Major Gist Blair, if you

please. I confess I was a bit surprised to see him in uniform, and I don't know yet what corps he is in. To Lieut. Col. A. C. Murray, D. S. O., of the British embassy staff, fell the lot of introducing Miss Garden, telling a little about the work of the British-American War Relief, and conveying a message of regret from the new British Ambassador and Lady Reading that they could not be present.

Of the singer he said, "It would be a presumption on my part to introduce Miss Garden to an audience to whom her name is without doubt a household word." This sally, with its suggestion of Mary Garden perfume, was greeted with a wave of laughter, at which Major Murray blushed so furiously that one was forced to conclude the pun was accidental. I suspect there weren't many men in the audience who didn't envy Colonel Murray the honor of escorting Miss Garden to the stage, a handsome person in her golden gown, smiling over her armful of splendid red roses and chatting merrily.

D. C. Newcomers
Awakened Curiosity.

One sees so many interesting faces among the newcomers to Washington and on an occasion like this they are so numerous that one's curiosity is strongly aroused.

Who, for instance, was the handsome, distinguished looking woman, with dark hair, lightly powdered with gray, which she wore brushed back from her forehead and dressed high? She had on a white satin gown, with rhinestone shoulder straps and a wide strip of blue tulle outlining the diagonal drapery of the bodice, and she wore some lovely pearls. Her seat was in the doorway.

A survey of the strikingly well dressed audience suggested the query, "Are gloves for evening wear coming back?" I hope not, but Miss Garden wore them, so did Mme. Simon—or rather, she had them in her hand—so did Mrs. William Phillips, who always affects the most conservative style in dress. And Mrs. Frank Noyes, who made a strikingly lovely picture in her gray and silver gown, with her silver hair, had on gray suede gloves to match her costume.

Readings' Absence
Was Disappointing.

IT WAS a bit disappointing that Lord and Lady Reading didn't show up. It had been rumored that they might, but they were tired from their journey. Besides, it would have been hardly the thing, as the new ambas-



MISS ELEANOR BRAINARD, Daughter of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. D. L. Brainard, a "sub-deb," who is having an unusually good time during her first season in Washington.

sador had not then been officially received by the President. Lord Reading's son, Viscount Erleigh, did not accompany his father to this country, as had been widely heralded, nor is he expected; but the ambassador did bring a number of interesting men in his train. There's Maj. Gen. Ernest Dunlop Swinton, assistant secretary to the British war cabinet, and credited with being the inventor of the "tank," who was here with the Readings in the summer and made himself almost as popular as his chief. There's James Bennett Brunnate, member of the Council of India, also Charles Kennedy Crawford, Major Secretary to Earl Grey; Sir Grimwood Mearns, formerly secretary to the Dardanelles commission, and Major Charles Kennedy Crawford, Stuart, D. S. O., of "Queen Mary's Own."

Rear Admiral the Hon. Victor Stanley, who commanded a squadron of British war ships at the battle of Jutland, is due to arrive shortly to relieve Commodore Guy Gaunt, as naval officer of the British embassy. He's a brother of Lord Derby, was once naval attaché at Petrograd and has a charming Canadian wife.

Other changes are doubtless on the cards, for a reorganization of the embassy staff is almost sure to follow a change of ambassadors. Lord Erleigh, youngest son of the Duke of Northumberland, and one of the most popular of the bachelor secretaries, has just returned to his duties after an absence of six months or more in England, so one is led to suppose that he'll be remaining on; and we're holding the thought that the Arnold Robertsons—she was Gladys Lugalls—may stay, too.

The fact that the Minister of the Netherlands has four daughters, all young ladies of an age to be interested in society—much to the regret of society's interest in them—lends unwelcome importance to his arrival. Mme. Phillips is with him, likewise the four girls, Anne, Madelon, Corneille and Margaret, and a young son, a lad of twelve, who is named for his father. J. H. de Beaufort's return to serve as counselor of the embassy is right welcome and shows an interesting new secretary, too, William T. Gobius. Then, two charming little ladies whose husbands are connected with the Argentine embassy, Mme. Correa Luna and Mme. Becu, have recently come to town, so there's more than the usual measure of interest about the changes the week has brought to the Diplomatic Corps.

Spring Rice's Death
Arouses Sympathy.

There was something immensely pathetic about the death of Sir Cecil Arthur Spring Rice so soon after his recall from Washington; and the most heartfelt sympathy goes out to Lady Spring Rice from the people with whom they were associated during their five years in Washington. The late ambassador had never been in very robust health since he came to Washington.

It may be recalled that he had a serious illness not very long after his arrival in this country, and that for one season he was a semi-invalid. Lady Spring Rice being both host and hostess at all the official parties given that winter.

On his recovery Sir Cecil was advised by his physicians to spend as much time as possible in the open air, and he was frequently to be met

tramping alone through Rock Creek Park or returning from a long country walk. Verily the post of British ambassador here seems to be "hoodooed." Lord Pauncefoot, died "in office," likewise Sir Michael Herbert and Lord Durand not very long after his recall. Sir James Bryce isn't he Lord Bryce now?—is a shining exception in this company.

I don't quite understand how it is that Agnes Messick's fiancé, Lieut. Robert E. Pollock, U. S. A., who is about to complete his course at the flying school at Fort Worth, Tex., is stationed at San Diego, for that's a navy aviation station. However, it is on the cards, and a pleasant prospect it is for Miss Messick, as several attractive Washington girls are living out there. There's Margaret Howard Remy and Wallis Warfield Spencer—her garden, she's from Baltimore, but she has visited here so much that Washington feels a proprietary interest in her—and Catharine Pace White.

Navy and Army
Both Represented.

Both Lieutenants Spencer and Ensign Remy are in the aviation corps of the navy, but Lieut. Walker Gibson White has U. S. A. after his name and is on duty with the Twenty-first Infantry. He has made a fine record and is highly regarded by his superior officers. The three girls are chummy and are the busiest little housekeepers you can imagine, each having one of the really delightful apartments for which San Diego is famous. The officers are required to turn out for "reville" at 6 o'clock. Can you imagine any of these girls serving breakfast at 5:30 o'clock?

High, ho, it's a far cry, isn't it, from the days when young Lochinvar would come out of the West and cross a continent to claim his bride, her only being to wait coyly at home.

No, there is no prospect of an immediate marriage for Kathleen, sister of Lieut. Samuel Meek, Jr., for the

lad, who is in the marine corps has already gone overseas.

Army Order Changes
Wedding Plans.

He had rather expected to remain at Quantico until spring, in which case the wedding would undoubtedly have taken place before he sailed. When the change of orders came there was talk of an immediate marriage, but the young people were dissuaded. Kathleen is so very young, you know, the baby of the family, and was only allowed out of the school room this year in order that she and her sister, Edith Lester, might share their first season.

Lieutenant Meek hopes to get a furlough in about six months, in which case he'll come home to be married.

The Date of Louise Bayne's Marriage
to Lieut. John Francis Proctor.

of the Royal Flying Corps, is still unsettled, their plans being dependent upon his orders. The wedding will, however, take place within a few weeks, and there will be a simple home ceremony. No attendants, probably, at least so far as the bride is concerned. Her particular chum, Dorothy Deeble, who, with her mother, Mrs. W. Riley Deeble, is at Charleston, S. C., for an extended stay, expects to come back for the wedding.

Miss Bayne's Fiance
a Canadian Officer.

The Deebles rented their house in P street, took an apartment at 1302 Eighteenth street, and now this is subtle to Major and Mrs. C. D. Cheney, of Manchester, Conn., and they have gone South for the rest of the winter.

Miss Bayne's fiancé, who hails from Calgary, Canada, is one of the three wounded officers who have been convalescing at the lovely Virginia home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carter. They have been here since some time in November, and a number of pretty girls connected with the ambulance corps, of which Mrs. J. Borden Harriman is the head, have been busy relieving the tedium of their convalescence. In the process of regaining his health, Lieutenant Proctor would seem to have lost his heart. I wonder if he's the only one?



SENORA DONA LUIS FIDEL YANES, Whose husband is secretary of the Chilean embassy. She is one of the most popular and attractive younger members of Washington's diplomatic set.

"until called for." Now Lady Lochinvar does the continent crossing, and fine and brave of her it is to thus "dare the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" when, as in the case of Miss Messick, her fiancé can't get leave.

Other Girls Have
Crossed Continents.

There's precedent enough, dear knows, for Agnes Messick's trip to Texas. Margaret Winslow went clear to the Virgin Islands to wed Paymaster R. Gordon Williams. Frances Betz and her mother, Mrs. John Thomas Taylor, journeyed to Fort Monroe for the former's marriage to Lieut. William Irwin Mirkil. Janet Montague, daughter of Congressman Montague, of Virginia, sometime governor of the State, crossed to the Pacific coast, with her sister to play propriety, to become the bride of Lieut. William J. Nunnally, U. S. N.; and there are numerous similar cases in which Washington girls or men have played the leading role.

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Fancies, Fads,
And Foibles of
Capital Society

His family are Southerners, but his father, who is on the staff of the New York Times, has lived long in New York.

"Heavenly Monday" will pass uneventful, and uneventful, and I know one person at least, in addition to business men whose finances suffered, who had cause to excrete it.

No Wedding Rings
The Stores Are Closed.

Think of the plight of Lieut. Paul Shackelford, U. S. A., who arrived in Washington last Monday morning, possessed of a few hours' leave, and after to claim his bride, Madeline Lloyd Hope, only to find that the shops were closed and a wedding ring couldn't be had for love nor money! It is on record that his hair almost turned gray before he persuaded a jeweler, who was superintending some repairs or something of the sort, to open up his shop and sell him the mystic circle.

It was the quietest sort of a wartime wedding, at the home of Lieutenant Shackelford's sister, Mrs. Howard Felix Moore, at Somerset House, and afterward there was an informal dinner party, with Dr. Horace Montague as host. The bride's frock was of mauve tulle, very smart and becoming. She is the daughter of the late Robert Morris Hope, of Staunton, Va., and a lineal descendant of Sir Francis Hope.

The announcement of Nellie Claire Howard's engagement to Andrew S. White, which was followed almost immediately by their marriage, came as a complete surprise to her friends. She went to New York in November, intending to devote the winter to the study of music, met Mr. White at a little tea party which Gladys Dent gave for her and now—in February—she is Mrs. White. No laggard wooing that!

New York Girl
Maid of Honor.

Miss Dent came down from New York to be maid of honor for Miss Howard; and for the rest only members of the family attended the wedding at the Franciscan monastery at Brookland, D. C. The bride's trousseau, ordered from a famous New York modiste, was unusually dainty and complete, even to a shooting costume, breeches, smartly cut skirt and Norfolk jacket, "all same like" the men wear, which quite made my mouth water.

Mrs. White will have need of that, for Mr. White is a fond of hunting, and they are to spend the greater part of their honeymoon in North Carolina.

Sincerely yours, JEAN ELIOT.

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Article 2... By E. H. DROOP

IN our previous article we dwelt on the lack of knowledge possessed by the average VICTROLA user of the higher and better forms of music known as "classic" or "semi-classic" compositions.

It is not surprising that this condition should exist, and it must be said in justice to the great masses of our people that it is of comparatively recent date that they have had made available to them a medium through which every form of music could be brought right into the home—the VICTROLA—and then quite naturally they took up with the more catchy and trivial things in music, because these amused and entertained them; little thought has been given to the more serious forms of music—which are not only far more beautiful and lasting than the catch-penny airs that are whistled today and forgotten tomorrow—but they have an educational value which proves a great help as progress is made in the study and understanding of music.

Again we make the statement that if we can interest you to listen attentively for a little while to a few good selections chosen from the lighter classics

—explaining what the composer had in mind when he wrote his tone picture, and helping you to clearly understand its rhythm and "phrasing," as it were—YOU WILL, if you persist in hearing similar selections, rapidly grow into appreciation of the masterpieces with which the great minds in music have endowed the world, and a realm of melody will be opened which you will never cease exploring.

Music is a vital force and from the cradle to the grave plays an important part in our lives; it entertains, refines, educates, soothes, comforts, and inspires, and now that the Victrola and the Victor Records have made it available, the best music by the best artists and musical organizations of the world should find a place in every heart and home.

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74336—Cavatina—Raff.....	\$1.50	74516—Bell Song—Debussy.....	\$1.50
74556—Two Grenadiers—Schumann.....	\$1.50	64106—Mendelssohn's "Palm Tree" Song by Gogorza.....	\$1.00
61134—Träumerei—Schumann.....	\$1.00	74553—Nocturne—Paderewski.....	\$1.50
64281—Serenade—Mozart.....	\$1.00	64758—Valse Blanche—Debussy.....	\$1.00

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